



ABOUT ten years ago I came across, at Baltimore, a German lad, whose parents had died of fever on the voyage out. The lad pleased me, for he had an honest face and seemed respectable. At first I employed him for light work—carrying out bills and so on; but as he possessed an undaunted temper and subliming eyes, I instructed him, and ere long he made the wolves spring through the hoop, so that it was a pleasure to see him.

George—that was his name—promised to grow into a most athletic man; at the same time he was true as steel, and did his teacher honor in every respect, so that I felt a real friendship for him.

At this time I had an assistant, an Irishman, called Mike, a brutal fellow, whom I was obliged to reduce to the post of butcher of the menagerie, because he was given to drink, and in a drunken fit savagely put out the eye of a perfectly tame cheetah.

This fellow had a secret malice against George, because the latter, from this time, took his place with great applause as second performer.

I had known what an utter villain this Mike was, I would have dismissed him on the spot; but as it was, I could not well do without him, because he was well versed in the management of the animals, and an inexperienced man might have done them great injury.

At this period we had a Bengal tigress, of the name of Flora, whose training had cost me much time and trouble. Of course you are aware that female animals are much more difficult to tame, because we are unable to use several methods which we employ with males. Hence I did not like to see George enter her cage, for I really considered her the most dangerous beast in the whole menagerie. He was ambitious, however, and earnestly implored me to let him have the entire training of her; probably, too, the brave young fellow would have met with no misfortune had not Mike thrust his infernal hand into the affair. Yes, this hand was blood-stained too, and I unhappily experienced this in my own case, when it was almost too late for me.

We were at Charleston, when George, at the close of the performance, entered the cage of the tigress to make her go through the leaps taught her, while I was accidentally employed in a distant part of the menagerie.



I STRUCK HIM WITH THE LIFE-PRESERVER. All at once I heard a roar, which I recognized as Flora's but so different from the usual guttural tone that my hair stood on end, and I saw with horror that George was lying on the ground, and the tigress standing over him. She had thoroughly scalped him with one blow of her forepaw, and broken his neck.

All my men were shrieking and running about frantically, while Mike, at my shout, brought me a rifle. I pulled the trigger, but the gun missed fire; what was to be done? No one could help the young fellow, for it was evident that he was dead; but it was my duty to save his corpse from further laceration.

The brute, who was intimidated by my voice and glance, did not dare to continue her murderous work, but withdrew, crushing her teeth into the furthest corner of the cage, where she licked her bloody paw, and took greedy glances at the body.

When Mike brought up another gun, I ordered him to shoot the tigress at the first movement she made, and then ran round the long row of vans to enter her cage from behind.

Unarmed as I was, I opened the gate and stepped in, and seized the still warm body of my friend, which I removed without further laceration. My first thought then was to kill Flora, but I soon altered my mind, and resolved, although the beast would now be doubly dangerous, to show her that I was her lord and master. I intended to treat her in such a way that she should forget in subordination forever and a day.

After burying my friend respectfully, I sailed with the menagerie to Havana, where the authorities granted me the use of an unoccupied circus, no great distance from the Jacinto theatre.

Soon after my arrival the captain-general sent to tell me that he intended to be present at my first performance with the whole of his staff. As you know, the dons are fond of such sights, for they are the most eager friends of bull-fights.

As the other animals were perfectly trained, I resolved to take Flora in

hand, and convert her menacing roar into a blinding oblation.

It was in the evening, after feeding time, that I intended to give her the final lesson, so as to show her as a perfectly docile animal on the next day.

There was no one about this menagerie except Mike, who had given the beasts their ration of meat in the afternoon, as was his duty; I asked him if all was right, and whether the tigress had eaten heartily. The Irishman replied:

"I have never known Flora to have so good an appetite as to-day," which satisfied me, as I did not catch his equivocal meaning.

I stepped into the cage, and saw that she had a clean-scraped bone between her forepaws; still there was something in her look and growling that struck me, and hence I took up my heavy whip, the handle of which is a life-preserver. I went in and had some difficulty in getting the beast out of the corner and on to her legs. My threats and blows I at length brought matters so far that she sprang through the hoop, but she constantly tried to get back to the corner, while giving me savage looks.

I forced her to repeat the leap a dozen times, after which I seized her by the ear, and made her stand on her hind legs in front of me, while I had her head right opposite me. I remarked that she was meditating some roguery. I felt that her eyes tried to avoid mine, and noticed that the pupils were contracted in an extraordinary way. At the same moment I remarked that there were blood-stains on my left sleeve, and the thought that Mike had purposely laid his bloody hand upon me shot across my brain. I had, however, no time to dwell on it, for I saw that the tigress had already drawn in her claws in readiness to strike. With lightning speed, and ere the beast could properly grasp me, I struck her with the life-preserver such a blow between her false eyes that she fell and did not move again. Had she been granted more time she would certainly have amputated my arm, but as it was, I escaped with a frightful flesh wound, which was a long time in getting well.

Bleeding, I rushed out of the cage, in order to make my revenge on Mike, but he, seeing that I had not fallen, a victim to the beast, which he had purposely neglected to feed, and had roused to assault me by the sight of blood, drew a revolver, and before I could reach him lay dead by his own hand.

AWED BY THE JANITOR.

The King of Harlem Rules His Flats With an Iron Hand.

"The janitor has had to stand a lot of joking about his position, but he is the man who can laugh the heartiest, as he is a winner," said a dweller in an up-town flat to a New York Morning Journal man.

"Now, take our janitor," he continued, "he gets \$100 a month, free rent and fuel. But that represents only a portion of his earnings. He is the king of the apartment house, and the butcher, the grocer, the coal man and all the other tradesmen take off their hats to him. He gets presents not only at Christmas, but all the year round. He demands a percentage on the repairs and does nothing for nothing."

"Even the tenants are careful to keep him in good humor, for he can make lots of trouble for them. He will not have a stingy man in the place, because he reasons that it takes so much from his income. If he finds a tenant is falling behind in his gratuities he looks around for another tenant, and the first No. 1 knows he receives a polite note from the landlord informing him that his flat is needed."

"Yes, sir, the janitor is the jolliest man alive when all is going well—when the coal bins are full and the thrifty tenants' cellar closet is full of vegetables and preserves. Of course he has the keys to all these closets. He has been known even to heap coals upon his good tenants' bin from the bin of the tenant who had more coal but less generosity."

"This little failing, however, is regarded by the janitor as a white mark on his record, although he is too proud to speak of it in summing up his virtues and the duties of his position."

At this moment an elegantly dressed gentleman passed the flat dweller and the newspaper man, and the latter was surprised to see the former take off his hat, although the passer-by was not accompanied by a lady.

When the stranger had gone out of hearing the man who had been talking continued in a whisper:

"That's he!"

"Who is he?"

"The janitor. Sh-h-h, is he looking back at us? I wonder if he heard what I said to you? If he did I might as well move out in the morning."

"I should think you would move, anyway," replied the reporter, "if you are afraid of the man."

"What good would it do? I might get into a worse place. At some flats the janitor don't speak to the tenants. If my janitor didn't speak to me I should fear the worst. Excuse me, he seems to be beckoning to me."

And the slave ran off to see what his master wanted.

Only two Americans were naturalized in England last year.

HOW A BABY WAS SAVED.

AN INTERESTING STORY FOR PARENTS.

A Child that was Born with a Terrible Affliction—Pronounced Incurable by the Leading Physicians of Hahnemann College. Saved by a Miracle.

(From the Philadelphia Inquirer.)

From time to time there have appeared in the leading and most reputable newspapers of the country marvelous accounts of many wonderful cures that have been effected by a medicine called Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. These statements have been made by some of the best known men in business circles, church circles and even medical circles, and have been backed up by their affidavits.

The Inquirer is pleased to add another to the list and gives the story below, properly vouched for.

Little Etta Moncrieff is the daughter of Mrs. Helen Moncrieff, who resides with her sister, Mrs. M. G. Meek, at 748 Wharton Street, which is a neat little bakery. The reporter found Mrs. Meek herself behind the counter and she said:

"My sister's daughter, who is now a year old, was afflicted from her birth with a spinal affliction, and the doctor who attended her said she could not live. We had two other doctors to attend her. They also said she could not live. Finally I took her to the Hahnemann College. That was four months ago, when she was 8 months old. The examination was made in the presence of a room full of physicians and students. The Professor lectured on her case, saying it was a very rare one. He said that in such cases there was very seldom a recovery. It was, he remarked, the most peculiar case that was ever brought to his attention."

"I brought the child home immediately, believing, as the Professor and others had said, that she couldn't live. In fact, at one time we thought she was entirely gone. She was unconscious, with scarcely perceptible pulse or breath. Several times she was in an almost equally helpless condition and we looked for her death hourly."

"Then I called to mind how Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People had once cured me, and the miraculous recoveries I had heard of and read about of people cured from paralysis in various stages, and even from physical deformities. I told my sister that since all the doctors had abandoned the child, and she seemed to have no chance for life, it could certainly do no harm to try the Pink Pills to see if they could possibly repeat their other wonderful cures. Neither my sister nor I had the faith that they would do so in a case so nearly gone as the child's and we agreed that it would be a miracle indeed if she should be saved."

"She couldn't move at that time, both her arms and legs being affected. But we began that very night giving her the Pink Pills, letting her have one pellet a day divided into three parts. On the third day we could see that she was improving. Before that it was hard to get her to take food. At the end of two weeks we saw great improvement in her. We continued giving her the pills more than a month. After we ceased giving her the Pink Pills, however, she seemed a little less happy and healthy and we began using them again. Now she is a cheerful, beautiful child in splendid health. She has entirely recovered from her spinal and other troubles. She sleeps well and takes her food well. For a child of her age she seems to be as strong and healthy as could be expected. When we hold by the arm or she is at our knees she can stand, and for a child who was once deprived of all power of spine, arms and legs, this seems wonderful. We cannot have the slightest doubt now that she will grow up a strong, healthy child."

Mrs. Meek then told how she had herself been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"Three years ago I had a very severe attack of grippe. I thought I would lose the use of my right arm. There was a strange numbness in it and I would have to drop everything. It felt as if it was asleep all the time. I had doctors and they told me it was bad circulation of the blood, that I was run down and needed rest. I took only one box of Pink Pills and felt myself getting better. I took the second box and have never had a pain or ache since. Everyone who knows what work I have to do is astonished. It is certainly a wonder that with my work I am so strong and have never had a return of the trouble."

Mrs. Meek's remarks were reduced to writing, after which she, accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Moncrieff and the child, made the following affidavit:

Sworn and subscribed before me this sixth day of May, A. D. 1893.

JAMES F. ROONEY.

Notary Public.

The proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills state that they are not a patent medicine, but a scientific preparation used successfully many years in the private practice of a physician

of high standing. They are given to the public as an unfailing blood builder and nerve restorer, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves, two fruitful causes of almost every ill that flesh is heir to. The pills are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to females, such as suppression, all forms of weakness, chronic constipation, bearing down pains, etc., and in men will give speedy relief and effect a permanent cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. The pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price (50 cents a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50)—they are sold in bulk or by the 100, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., or Brockville, Ontario.

A Fake Blarney Stone.

The story that the Blarney stone has been brought from Blarney Castle, Ireland, and placed in the walls of the imitation Blarney castle at the World's Fair is pronounced a fake of the first water. A gentleman in England who heard the story from America took the trouble to go to Blarney castle and satisfy himself with his own eyes that the famous stone was still in its accustomed place in the wall. The managers of the Irish village tried to get the proprietor of the castle to consent to the removal of the stone to Chicago, but he utterly refused to listen to the proposal under any consideration. This left the shrewd showmen in a quandary, but they seem to have found a way to get around it, and a good many gullible Americans have been at the trouble and expense of kissing their fake stone, under the impression that they were performing the famous osculation.

A Beautiful Charity.

One of the most delightful instances of sweet charity untrammelled by religious belief, is that exhibited by the Hebrew Benevolent association of New York. It has secured the use of large and beautiful grounds at Rockaway beach for a number of days during the heated term, and on these days will run free excursion trains for the benefit of the sick and poor of the city, without regard to their religion, or anything else but their needs. On these excursions wholesome and abundant food will be supplied free of charge. The only requisite is a ticket, issued by the chairman of the relief committee. No Christian association of the country has devised a more Christian scheme than this the past season.

Another Ship Canal.

The French are now engaged in exploiting another big ship canal. This one is to lead from the bay of Biscay to the Mediterranean sea. A syndicate has been formed for its construction and a bill authorizing it is about to be introduced into the French parliament. The canal will be 328 miles long and 145 feet wide, except at points where vessels may pass one another, where the width will be over 200 feet. The depth will be 27 feet and there will be twenty-two double locks. How much it will cost is not stated, but that seems to be entirely a subsidiary consideration with the French people, who are in favor of it, because it would free French shipping from the supervision of the British at Gibraltar.

Art and Precious Metals.

More silver and gold is used in the industrial arts in the United States than in any other country. Our annual consumption of gold for this purpose amounts to over \$16,000,000, and of silver over \$7,000,000. Germany is the next greatest consumer of the precious metals for manufacturing purposes, and each year works up about \$12,000,000 worth of gold and about \$6,000,000 worth of silver. France uses about \$8,000,000 worth of gold and \$4,000,000 worth of silver.

A Habit of the Saxons.

Saxon girls a thousand years ago always wore a gold crown during the marriage ceremony, this article being kept in the church and a fee paid the priest for its use by the bride of the parish. In the year 927 the Danes raided the south of England and stole one hundred church crowns and there was no marrying in the afflicted villages for nearly six months, until new crowns could be made.

Don't Seem Possible.

Photographing the depths of the sea has been accomplished by a French scientist, M. Boutan. Being a practiced diver, M. Boutan managed to take photographs of his surroundings when standing on the very bed of the Mediterranean at Banyuls-sur-Mer, near the Spanish border.

How Chinese Girls Do.

When a Chinese girl is married her attendants are always the oldest and ugliest women to be found in the neighborhood, who are paid to act as the bride's beauty. It is said that some exceptionally ugly old women make their living by acting as professional attendants at weddings.

LOST AND FOUND.

A Little Story About a Pocket-Book That Was Told on the Cars.

"On the cars the other day," said a traveler, "I heard a little story about a lost pocket-book. 'I am going to Europe,' said one of two young men who were sitting together, 'going to start Saturday.' 'I hope you won't lose your pocket-book, as Bonty did,' said the other, and then went on to tell how Bonty lost his pocket-book, quotes the New York Sun."

"It seems that Mr. Bonty had his return ticket, his foreign money and other valuables in that pocket-book, and somehow he lost it. He didn't go on board the steamer until just before the sailing time, and the steamer sailed promptly, as steamers do nowadays, and Bonty didn't discover his loss until the steamer was at sea. He had expected to sit around comfortably in a steamer chair and enjoy perfect rest. In fact, he had set great store on this happy beginning of his vacation; but now he had lost his pocket-book, and, instead of the calm enjoyment which he had anticipated, he had ahead of him a week of comparative discomfort. To be sure, he could cable when he got to the other side, and wait and all that, but he had lost his money and it wasn't a pleasant prospect."

"But among those who went down to see friends off by the same steamer that Bonty sailed on was a man who after waving his handkerchief at the steamer until it was out in the stream, saw upon the pier as he turned to go, a pocket-book—Bonty's pocket-book, of course. He found Bonty's name in it, but not his address. There was in it, however, the address of a young lady who lived in Forty-fourth street, with whom he had a slight acquaintance. The finder of the pocket-book went straight to the young lady. She didn't know Bonty's address, but fortunately she brought to mind a gentleman in Philadelphia who did know it. The finder of the pocket-book telegraphed the Philadelphia friend, and the Philadelphia friend telegraphed Bonty at Queenstown, and he gave the address of Bonty's friend in New York."

"The result of all this was that, when the tender came alongside the steamer at Queenstown, Bonty, instead of sending the message which he had prepared, received a dispatch saying that his pocket-book had been found and giving the address to which it had been sent in London."

"This was a very simple little story, you know, but it seemed to interest the passengers who heard it, and everybody was glad that Bonty recovered his pocket-book."

Let the Girls Run.

Running is the great benefactor of figure and movement. It gives muscular development, strong heart action and free lung play. The muscle comes where it ought to be, the shoulders go back, the loins hold the trunk well balanced, and the feet take their correct positions. It was running which made the Greek figure. The more active tribes of American Indians have been runners from time immemorial, and from the chest to the heels they are much more beautifully built than the average of white men. Running people have usually the firm but elastic texture which is the beauty of flesh.

English Dining Cars.

The Midland railway company on trains from London to Glasgow has introduced the American system of dining cars, but have bettered it by serving meals for both first and third class passengers. The dinner, first class, is eighty-five cents, third class sixty cents. Passengers who prefer may dine a la carte, ordering a cup of coffee for five cents, or tea with bread and butter for ten cents, or a chop with bread and potatoes for thirty cents.

The Other Kind.

"Life is full of ups and downs," said the man who is airy and affable under all circumstances.

"So I have heard."

"Well, I am at present in the full enjoyment of one of the ups."

"I congratulate you."

"Don't. It's a case of 'hard-up.'"

Dietetic Discussion.

Mrs. Watts—Goodness! man, aren't you afraid you will ruin your digestion by eating at so rapid a rate? You ought to eat more slowly. Hungry Higgins—I may not eat slow, mum, but I eat mighty seldom—Indianapolis Journal.

A Man of Moods.

Janitor Mike—Of never seen such a moody man as yizself."

Tenant—Why, Mike?

Janitor Mike—Larst winter yer wor kickin' because there wor ice on the sidewalk, and now yer kickin' because there ain't none, I dunno."

The Perils of Society.

Cholly—Where did you get that howlid cold?

Waggy—I called on Miss Bigerton yesterday, and her great, dwoful dawg was in the room. The frightful beast kept wagging his tail and caused a dwarf.—Chicago Record.